Sir C. D's. Answer to General *Fielding's* LETTER, &c.

This is a banter.

7. January 170 6.

Angry Sir,

I S no wonder to see Cuckolds *born Mad, when their Witts run a Wool-gathering after Jealous Fancies; What can't a* Knight *of my Order write to the W--fe of another without being Rail'd at and Proclaim'd a* Cuckold-maker? *I would have you to know Sir, the Truth is not to be spoken at all times; and I appeal to any Body of as great Experience as your self in those Matters, whether it is not more prudent to put up Horns quitely in a Man's own Pocket, rather than set them on his Forehead, unless he has one made of Brass for that purpose. And truely Sir by your Favour, neither your self nor none of your Function, wou'd be willing to be serv'd so; Come, come, do as you wou'd be done by: It is not her* Grace's Footmen *that I am afraid of, nor your own dear self neither; I am neither a* Mouse nor an Elephant, *yet big enough to Answer an Ass at any time; But how the Devil you came by the Title of a* General, *I can't imagine, unless you claime it by being the greatest W---re Master: And truely I am so far from being fond of your Conversation, that I think it a Scandal to name you, Especially in a civil Society, where you are, and ever was a Stranger.*

But above all, I admire you should be so impertinent as to dispise a Person of my Kidney, when you, your self have been over Head and Ears in the same Transgression: Pray dear Brother Make-horns *let us first shake Hands and be Friends, and then studdy to be better; for you that have made so many Christians, alias* Cuckolds, *one would think might have some Charity for one little Failing or two in a Brother of the same Quill?* Crab-Lice *and* Lobsters *are strange Creatures I confess, and very frightful to Children and Cowards; but to me that don't fear the Frowns of* Gyants, *those silly Animals seem contemptable and abominable; And as for your being* Drunk *I know nothing of, but* Mad *undoubtedly you was, otherwise such a Letter had never been published in* Print, *to lay your self open to every Body, when too many knew what you was before; But 'tis not the first time* (as you say) *Fools have proclaim'd their Folly, nor Cuckolds their Jealousy, tho they have rendered themselves Rediculous by it: You can't Dispise me more than the whole Town Laughs at your self, and if this makes not a sufficient Attonement for what I have done, rather than speak Bawdy, and paw Words like your self, in Vulgar and honest* English, *you may e'en Kiss my plain Arse for a full Recompence; who am,*

Your undaunted

tho' (Supposed) Rival

Jan. 5*th* 1706.

C. D.